

Daily Ardmoreite

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Ardmore, I. T.

An old law, which has been forgotten, requires all ships leaving the port of New York to carry a small cannon, two projectiles and 500 yards of line, so that in case the ship should be beached the crew would be able to communicate with the shore. All sailing masters have received notice to comply with the law.

The growl of the English sporting papers that English fighters sent over here are shabbily treated does not seem well founded. In the first place the fighters have been permitted to land, a concession for which they should be grateful, and comparatively few of them have been molested under the vagrancy act.

The cigarette is to be banished from Georgia if the house of representatives has the power to enforce its will. A bill forbidding the sale of cigarettes in the state was passed by that body last week. As introduced the bill only made it unlawful for any person to sell cigarettes, but the committee on hygiene and sanitation, to which it was referred, emphasized the rigid moral sense of the house by amending it so as to include under the ban cigarette tobacco and cigarette paper. Then the house passed the bill by 101 to 45. It is interesting to note that this same body has been using every effort to encourage the cultivation of tobacco in the state.

That a strict construction of the immigration laws will be beneficial to the United States is evident from the extra precautions taken by our officials to prevent the dominion from shipping paupers, criminals and other riffraff over the border. The Canadian—good, thrifty soul—has been lining his pockets with the head money exacted from the Chinese and other undesirable immigrants. The trade of immigrant smuggling has become so profitable that our friends across the line look upon its suppression with disgust and indignation. They feel that a remunerative industry is to be ruined, and their newspapers, as a consequence are unusually venomous against this country.

A young man who is not driven to it by hard necessity may not be blamed for not eking out his financial means by manual labor while in college, and it is not pleasant to come down to the plainest food at school or anywhere else; but the practice of spending money with a free hand, which has in recent times become so general in almost all our colleges, is simply to be deplored. It leads a young man into dangerous habits at the very time when he begins to act upon his own responsibility, weakens his regard for thrifty and careful living and too often dulls his sense of honor by leading him into debts which he knows cannot be paid except by distressing those to whom he is under every obligation to consider and regard.

SOMERVILLE, one of Boston's suburbs, has a schoolmarm who is evidently committed to an unflinching faith in the truth of the doctrine that in proportion as the rod is spared the child is spoiled. She only walloped twenty-five pupils in one day, and all in rapid succession. Lobengula himself couldn't have beaten this record. The presumption is that the only reason Miss Nason stopped at twenty-five was because there were no more pupils in her room. The riot all grew out of the fact that the youngsters hadn't properly committed to memory their geography lesson. They wouldn't study geography, so she promoted them by laying them across her lap and making them see stars. She made them study astronomy. And all this, too, almost in the shadow of the Cambridge buildings and Bunker Hill monument!

BUT for the hope that springs eternal in the human breast Wall Street could never exist. It is upon the inevitable in every man's nature that the Wall Street broker feeds. His customers shut their teeth tight together and stand by their losses day by day as they see the market going against them, all the while hoping that the turn will come and the tide set in their favor, and they do that day after day until their margins are swallowed up. If perchance, however, the market goes their way, as it sometimes does, they do not sit stolidly by and let their profits run. With one or two points in their favor they exultantly grab the profits. They almost invariably reverse the old stock gamblers' law of "stopping their losses and letting their profits run." They stop their profits and let their losses run, and thus doth the busy broker prosper; thus he is able to own his steam yacht, while his old customers finally become members of the yacht's crew.

Two constables near Stockton, Cal., were held up by a highwayman armed with a piece of a cornet. It was not really a dangerous weapon. The highwayman could not blow a note on it.

A WOMAN fell dead in New Haven the other day, and within a few hours three bereaved husbands stepped forward to shed a few tears at her bier. Nothing but selfishness would permit a woman to place herself in a position thus to bereave hearts by wholesale.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

MANY ACRES, FEW HANDS, SLIM POCKETBOOKS.

Don't Undertake More Than You Can Do—Shedding and Applying Manure in the Winter—Shedding in the Ground—Daily Notes and Household Hints.

Mixed Farming.

Take a ride with me and I will show you corn fields that have scarcely been cultivated at all, and where the drills are solid rows of grass and weeds, says T. B. Terry in *Practical Farmer*. I will show you potatoes cared for, or rather not cared for, in about the same way. Yes, I will show you fields where they are so stripped by bugs and overgrown with weeds, and the cultivation between the drills so neglected, that you can scarcely see a potato leaf. And this shall not be on some shiftless farmer's place, an exceptional case, but on farms managed by good farmers, in some cases our best farmers. They are not lazy or shiftless. They undertake to do too much, that is all, and something must suffer. I could not take their places and do any better, perhaps not as well. The trouble is not in the men, but in the system they are following. We have had a dry season, which of course, is favorable for taking care of crops, and doing the haying and harvesting, and still, while they have been securing hay and grain, corn and potatoes have suffered severely. In some cases they will not pay for the labor put on them and the use of the land. They will be grown at a loss. Years ago I did just this way myself, but seeing it was not business-like I gradually worked out of it, and undertook to do less and less until there was little enough to do, so we could usually do about our best and make everything we did, pay. The above named farmers are making a little money, doing pretty well, but they might do better. As little as we undertake to do, we sometimes get caught. One day our wheat was all cut and dry enough to get in; there were six acres of potatoes that should have been cultivated at once, the rest were too large. But it might come on catching weather and the wheat would then be damaged, and so it must go in the barn. This took three days, and then my son did not feel well, and there was other jobs that must be done, and those potatoes were neglected for some time. It did not rain, but was hot and dry. If we had tended to the potatoes we should have been quite a few dollars ahead, but we were afraid to risk leaving the wheat out. But there is very little loss of this kind on our farm, not that we are any smarter than others, but simply that we do not undertake to do any more things than we are quite sure we can handle.

Friends, let me urge you to work in this same direction. There is less worry and more profit. I can take you to farms to-day, where the owner has tried to grow corn and potatoes. If he had put out but the one crop, and no more acres of it, and put all the labor on it that has been spread over the two, it would show a fine profit and be something to be proud of. Now there is no profit in either crop, and if they are near the road, the farmer wishes they were back out of sight, and he never would invite any friends to go and see them either. Would that all could throw aside all inherited notions, that were sound once, but behind the times now, and run their farms on sound business principles, as far as circumstances will permit them to do so.

Manure in Winter.

As it will be an exceptional case when the land will be so rich that no manure is necessary, all reasonable care should be taken to secure all that is possible. On the majority of farms winter is by far the best season for making manure; and generally, there is more time to haul out and properly apply. But in order to secure the best results it is very important that the preparation be made in advance. One important matter in doing this is to have feeding places where the stock can be fed and the manure accumulated in one or more places. A supply of bedding is also essential, so as to absorb and retain the liquid soiling, and at the same time help to keep the stock clean and comfortable. With all classes of stock it is very important in maintaining the best health and thrift to do this, at the same time avoiding using too much, as this adds to the cost of handling without an increase in value.

One of the best ways of applying manure is on plowed land intended for spring crops. By applying on the surface during the winter, the action of the rain and the melting snow will tend to carry the more valuable portions into the soil, while the necessary preparation of the soil in the spring, the cultivating and harrowing that will need to be given to properly fit it for the feed, will be sufficient to thoroughly incorporate the manure into the soil.

One of the best plans of management is to use what bedding is needed to keep the stock clean, and then as it accumulates both in the stables, sheds or feeding lots, load directly into the wagon, haul to the field, and scatter where it is needed. This avoids all unnecessary handling, and is an item in getting the work done at the lowest cost. Another thing should also be remembered, that it pays better in the end to manure thoroughly, than to scatter over too large a surface. With a little planning of the work, nearly or quite all of the manure made during the winter can be hauled out at

applied upon the land to benefit the next season's crop, and generally will give better results than to apply on unplowed land and plow under; while there will be much less loss of the valuable pastures. In applying the manure, should distribute as evenly as possible, gauging the quantity largely by the needs of the soil, remembering that there is little danger of applying too much.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Enticement in the Ground.

The building of silos prevents many farmers and small dairymen from ensilaging green crops. It is well enough, perhaps, to have a good, substantial silo, if one can build it just as well as not, and where lumber is plenty it does not cost very much to build a practical silo. But when the ensilaging of green crops was first begun the silo was simply a hole in the ground, and where the drainage is good that is as good a way as any. My silo is of that kind. I have dug a hole with slanting sides on a little raise of the ground, and I fill this with my corn, with whole corn stalks, heaping them up above the ground and covering first with straw and then with earth. The plan is similar to that of preserving roots in the pit. My ensilage is always good, as good as anybody's can be.—*Farmers Voice.*

Dairy Notes.

A creamery should not be started until 300 cows are guaranteed.

No matter what breed the cow is, she requires good care to produce profitable results.

It is a good plan to keep a good milking cow in the dairy as long as she is a good milker.

The wise dairyman provides soiling crops to patch out the dry pastures during the summer time.

No calf should be raised for dairy purposes from a cow of weak constitution or one with organic disease.

The best dairymen practice the best economy in feeding when they feed all the cow will eat up clean and no more.

Bulky food should always be fed with concentrated food, to avoid possible discomfort and injury from the latter.

The cream should be set as soon as possible after milking. It will not separate rapidly when subjected to jarring and shaking.

It is poor economy to turn a herd of cows into a large pasture and allow them to roam about all day, when all they get is exercise.

The milk tester and the separator are important factors in dairying. The milk tester in the near future will be a sine qua non in dairying.

Cows should be trained so that they will let any kind of person milk them, but they do better when the same person milks them each time.

Uncleanliness in milking, not cooling the milk quickly after milking, bad fodder, bad air in stables and disease in cows are causes of tainted milk.

In order to get the fat all out of the butter the churn should not be filled too full. It is necessary to have room in the churn to give the cream concussion.

It costs less to feed and care for one cow than it does for two, therefore every farmer who is keeping two cows and getting really but what one should produce is losing money.

Household Hints.

To keep ice in the sickroom over night set the pitcher in a newspaper, gather up the ends, twist them tight, and snap on a rubber band.

Covers for cups and glasses used in a sick room can be made of cardboard and covered with a crocheted cover of either white silk, wool or cotton, as preferred, a small loop being put in the middle of the top to lift it by.

If celery were eaten freely, sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely, an alkaline blood is the result, and where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. It should be eaten cooked.

Carrot pudding is said by those who have eaten it to be very nice. Boil and mash fine six ounces of carrot, add six ounces of suet chopped fine, half a pound of currants, two large tablespoonsful of sugar, half a nutmeg, a saltspoonful of salt and three large tablespoonsful of flour. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, put them in a greased pot and boil the pudding for three hours. This receipt is from a correspondent who has tried it.

A home way to repair garden hose when you are at a distance from the supply shop: Take two ounces or more of naphtha, into which drop as much shellac as it will absorb till of the consistency of thin gum. Cut some bandages of canvas or thick leather, spread the composition on one side of them, bind tightly round the hose and fasten firmly with twine. The hose must be kept dry before the plasters are applied. Keep the cement in a glass-stoppered bottle.

The floor of the kitchen and dining room should be brushed after every meal, the sideboard rearranged, and the table prepared for the coming meal. This is an important matter when the housekeeper attends personally to the dining room. The receptacles for sugar, salt, the various table sauces, etc., the glasses, silver, napkins and cutlery may be placed ready for use, and the table prepared ready for the water, bread, etc., and then covered with a clean cloth large enough to protect it entirely from dust and disarrangement.

A TIGER'S PLAYTHING.

IN THE POWER OF A GIANT OF THE JUNGLE.

A Hunter Tells of His Unavoidable Experience—Saved by Having the Gun—The Tiger's Cub—Object Lesson.

In India once I went out on a hot, dusty plain near the Ganges, with my rifle and one native servant, to see what I could shoot. It was a dismal place. Here and there were clumps of tall grass and bamboos, with now and then a tamarisk tree. Parrots screamed in the trees, and the startled caw of some Indian crows made me pause and look around to see what had disturbed them. The crows almost at once settled down again into silence, and as I saw no signs of danger, I went on carelessly. I was alone for I had sent back my servant to find my match-box, which I had left at the place of my last halt; but I had no apprehensions, for I was near the post, and the district was one from which, as was supposed, the tigers had been cleaned out some years before.

Just as I was musing upon this fact, with a tinge of regret because I had come too late to have a hand in the clearance, I was crushed to the ground by a huge mass which seemed to have been hurled upon me from behind, says a Youth's Companion writer. My head felt as though it had been dashed with ice or scalding water, and then everything turned black. If I was stunned by the shock it was only for an instant. When I opened my eyes I was lying with my face in the sand. Not knowing where I was or what had happened, I started to rise when instantly a huge paw turned me over on my back, and I saw the great yellow-green eyes of a tiger looking down upon me through their narrow black slits.

I don't know how long I lay there stupidly gazing up into the brute's eyes, but presently I made a movement to sit up, and then I saw that I still held my rifle in my hand. While I was looking at the weapon with a vague, harassing sense that there was something I ought to do with it, the tiger picked me up by the left shoulder and made off with me into a jungle; and still I clung to the rifle, though I had forgotten what use I should put it to. The grip of the tiger's teeth upon my shoulder I felt but numbly, and yet as I found afterwards, it was so far from gentle as to have shattered the bone.

Having carried me perhaps half a mile the brute dropped me and, raising her head, uttered a peculiar soft cry. Two cubs appeared at once in answer to the summons, and bounded up to meet her. At the first glimpse of me, however, they cheered off in alarm, and their dam had to coax them for some minutes, rolling me over softly with her paw or plucking me up and laying me down in front of them, before she could convince them that I was harmless. At last the youngsters suffered themselves to be persuaded. They threw themselves upon me with eager though not very dangerous ferocity, and began to maul and worry me. Their claws and teeth seemed to awaken me for the first time to a sense of pain. I threw off the snarling little animals roughly and started to crawl away. The mother lay watching the game with satisfaction.

Instinctively I crept toward a tree, and little by little the desire for escape began to stir in my dazed brain. When I was within a foot or two of the tree the tiger made a great bound, seized me in her jaws and carried me back to the spot whence I had started. "Why," thought I to myself, "this is just exactly the way a cat plays with a mouse!" At the same moment a cloud seemed to roll off my brain. No words of mine can describe the measureless and sickening horrors of that moment, when realization was thus suddenly dashed upon me. At the shock my rifle slipped from my relaxing fingers; but I recovered it desperately, with a sensation as if I had been falling over a precipice.

Again the cubs began mauling me. I repelled them gently, at the same time looking to my rifle. I saw that there was a cartridge ready to be projected into the chamber. I remembered that the magazine was not more than half empty. I started once more to crawl away, with the cubs snarling over me and trying to hold me; and it was at this point I realized that my left shoulder was broken. Having crawled four or five feet, I let the cubs turn me about, whereupon I crawled back toward the old tiger, who lay blinking and actually purring. It was plain that she had had a good meal not long before, and was, therefore, in no hurry to dispatch me.

Within about three feet of the beast's striped forehead I stopped and fell over on my side, as if all exhausted. My rifle barrel rested on a little tussock. The beast moved her head to watch me, but evidently considered me past all possibility of escape, for her eyes rested as much upon her cubs as upon me. The creatures were tearing at my legs, but in this supreme moment I never thought of them. I had now thoroughly regained my self-control. Laboriously, very deliberately, I got my right and covered a spot right behind the old tigress' fore-shoulder, low down. From the position I was in, I knew this would carry the bullet diagonally upward through the heart. I should have preferred to put a bullet in the brain; but in my disabled condition and awkward posture I could not safely try it.

Just as I was ready, one of the

cubs got in the way and my heart sank. The old tiger gave the cub a playful cuff which sent it rolling to one side. The next instant I pulled the trigger—and my heart stood still. My rifle was jerked forward a hair's breadth, and a fierce yell from the cub and the long-barreled body lightened itself up into the air and fell over almost on the top of me. The cubs cheered off in great consternation. I sat up and drew a long breath of thankful relief. The tiger lay beside me, stone dead. I was too weak to walk at once, so I leaned against the body of my vanquished foe and rested. My shoulder was by this time setting up an anguish that made me think little of my other injuries. Nevertheless, the scene about me took on a glow of exquisite color. So great was the reaction that the very sunlight seemed transfused. I knew I fairly smiled as I rapped the cubs on the mouth with my rifle barrel. I felt no inclination to shoot the youngsters, but I would have no more of their over-ardent attentions. The animals soon realized this, and lay down in the sand beyond my reach, evidently waiting for their mother to reduce me to proper submission. I must have lain there half an hour, and my elation was rapidly subsiding before the agony in my shoulder, when at last my man, Gunjeet, appeared, tracking the tiger's traces with stealthy caution.

He had not waited to go for help, but had followed up the beast without delay, vowing to save me or avenge me before he slept. The cubs, on his approach, had run off into the covert, so we set out at once for the post. When I got there I was in a raging fever, which, with my wounds, kept me laid up for three months. On my recovery I found that Gunjeet had gone the next day and captured the two cubs, which he had sent down the river to Benares, while the skin of the old tiger was spread luxuriously on my lounge.

GAS FOR COOKING.

Its Use in England Is Increasing and Becoming Very Profitable.

While electricity is trenching so seriously upon the field of gas lighting, any recent application of gas which leads to an extension of its consumption is of importance to gas producers. Some foreign companies seem to have done this quite successfully in at least one direction.

At the recent Dundee meeting of the North British association of gas managers, one member, Mr. J. Ballantyne, of Rothesay, stated that his company had gained an increase of consumption of at least 40 per cent in about six years, due to cooking by gas among its customers. The gas company furnishes the cookers to its patrons at a rental of ten per cent of the list cost price per annum which charge also includes putting them in, taking them away and keeping them in order. About eleven per cent of the customers are supplied. His and other companies have not only found this a profitable part of their market, but it has the added advantage of being nearly a daylight consumption, thus tending to equalize the demand on the plant.—*Engineering Record.*

CURRENT FUN.

"Why are you in such a bad humor?" "Because I met a fellow yesterday whom I treated very politely, and it has only just occurred to me that he has owed me \$10 for several months."

"Dey has done bruk the engagement." "Yoh doan say so." "Yassin deed." "What foh?" "She done tased a pessimism dat warn't ripe, an' he misconstrued de pucker an' kissed her."

Mistress—Margaret, you have no right to leave me without due notice. I cannot give you a character; I suppose you understand? Serrant—Oh, yes, ma'am; it is not in reason to expect it. One can not gather figs from thistles.

"What the deuce are you doing right on the top of that tree, Mike? Don't you see that it's being cut down?" Mike—Yes, your honor; the last time ye had a tree cut down it fell on the top of me, and, begorra, I'll be safe this time."

Her Father—Have you considered, young man, that you are comparatively poor, while my daughter is very rich? Young Man—Yes, sir. But, believe me, sir, I would not for an instant allow that sordid consideration to stand in the way of our happiness!

Angelina, anxiously—Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor? Edwin, with cheerful conviction—Not a bit. I tell you what, Angy, I miss it so little that if I were to lose you—a—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.

He walked up to the register in the hotel office and wrote his name: "John Smith." "How are you? I'm mighty glad to see you; I am indeed." "But," protested the stranger, "you don't know me. I've never been here before." "That doesn't make any difference," replied the clerk. "If you had wrestled with jits-jats and maharajahs the way I have this year you'd know what a comfort it is to get a man of your name into the house."

Some very nice old missionaries who were propagating religion among the Indians were accustomed to give them presents of blankets. Lo, however, came very frequently for the present, and finally was remonstrated with. "No give Injun blanket?" said the red man. "Not now, for you had one only a week ago," was the reply. "No blanket for Injun?" was asked again. The missionary shook his head. "Ugh! No blanket, Indian no hallelujee," said the Indian, as he stalked away disgusted.

OPTICAL PHENOMENON.

Fourteen in Norway See Them—Seen in the Middle of a Rainbow.

A correspondent of *Nature*, at Christiansia, gives an account of a very curious phenomenon witnessed from the top of Gausta mountain, height 6,000 Norwegian feet, in Telemarken, south of Norway. We were a party, he says, of two ladies and three gentlemen on the summit of this mountain on August 4. On the morning of that day the sky was passably clear; at noon there was a thick fog. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon (the wind being south to southwest) the fog suddenly cleared in places so that we could see the surrounding country in sunshine through the rifts. We mounted to the flag-staff in order to obtain a better view of the scenery, and there we at once observed in the fog, in an easterly direction, a double rainbow forming a complete circle, and seeming to be twenty to thirty feet distant from us. In the middle of this we all appeared as black, erect and nearly life-size silhouettes. The outlines of the silhouettes were so sharp that we could easily recognize the figures of each other and every movement was reproduced. The head of each individual appeared to occupy the center of the circle, and each of us seemed to be standing on the inner periphery of the rainbow. We estimated the inner radius of the circle to be six feet. This phenomenon lasted several minutes, disappearing with the fogband, to be reproduced in new fog three or four times, but each time more indistinctly. The sunshine during the phenomenon seemed to be unusually bright. Mr. Kielland-Torkildsen, president of the Telemarken tourist club, writes to me that the builder of the hut on the top of Gausta has twice seen spectacles of this kind, but in each case it was only the outline of the mountain that was reflected on the fog. He had never seen his own image, and he does not mention circular or other rainbows.

THE SEVENTH SON.

The Powers of One so Born and the Antiquity of the Belief.

Several passages of the scriptures (particularly Acts ix., 13-16), give us a hint that the seventh son was, even at that early date, supposed to be a creature possessed of magical powers; or, at least, of an inherent knowledge of things that were veiled to common mortals. Dr. Wilder, in his dissertation on the occult sciences, says: "The Akkadians and their successors attached divine powers to the number seven, because the planets were seven in number. Thus Saturn as the seventh planet had superior sanctity; and they also hallowed the seventh day of the week. The healing art was always more or less blended with astrology, and was a kind of priestcraft and caste distinction. Hence the seventh son was regarded as a divine genius for healing and other sacred functions."

Martinete, the French astrologer, in writing on this curious "seventh son" subject says: "If a man be the seventh son of his father, without any female intervening, he is a 'marcou.' He has on some part of his body the mark of a fleur de lis, and, like the old-time kings of France, may be depended upon as possessing the power to cure king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the marcou should breathe upon the affected parts, or that he admit of letting the sufferer touch the mark of the fleur-de-lis. Of all the marcou of the Orleans, he of Orme is the best known and most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty and even forty leagues around, crowds of patients come to visit him; but it is particularly in Holy week that his powers are most efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight until sunrise, the cure is certain." The first person alluded to in the bible as having been a seventh son was Tiras, the son of Japheth. Diklah, the son of Joktan, belonged to the same category, but to neither are special powers attributed.

Regulating the Day.

In different times and in different countries there have been at least four separate systems of regulating the civil day. The ancient Babylonians reckoned from sunrise to sunrise, and a great division of the Persians even to this day reckon the day as beginning at noon. The Romans finished one day and commenced another at midnight, and it was from them that we have inherited our time-reckoning custom. The Athenians, and the Jews, (just prior to the crucifixion, at least,) finished the day with sunset. The scientists have their "sidereal" and "solar" modes of keeping track of the flight of time, besides a variety of other systems.

The Eye.

There is a remarkable sympathy between the eyes. So much is this the case that any serious injury to one is almost certain to affect the other, hence the necessity which often arises for the removal of the injured eye mainly for the sake of saving the other. This sympathy has been shown to extend so far that color perceived by one eye alone excites the retina of the other.

The Book That Helped Him.

"Will you oblige me," said the reporter who gets novel interviews, "by telling me what book has helped you most in life?"

And after a thoughtful pause the great man answered: "My bank book."

Very Ned.

"Mister, gimme a dime. I'm a victim of the Indian train robbery."

"How were you a victim?" "I didn't got any o' the stols money, see?"—*Chicago Record.*